





YEARS OF QUESTIONS
COME CRASHING INTO KYRRA...



WHY AM
I DIFFERENT?

WHO AM I?

WHERE DID I
COME FROM?



IT IS MY
FATHER,
ISN'T IT?



YES. WHEN I
VISIONED YOU, I
KNEW YOU WERE THE
SPROUT OF THE
EMPEROR OF ALL.

NOW! I TELL YOU
OF MY TALE!

CHAPTER 9

ALL MY GHOSTS

WORDS & LETTERS: RICH WOODALL

PENCILS & INKS: CRAIG ROUSSEAU

COLORS FROM COLUMBUS: NATE LOVETT

Max Zero (maker of monsters) has injected Doc with a suspended animation serum, causing him to sleep for 1,000 years!

DOC STEARN'S MEMONSTER







I HAVE
NO FATHER,
HERMAN.



AND
I HAVE NO
WOMAN.



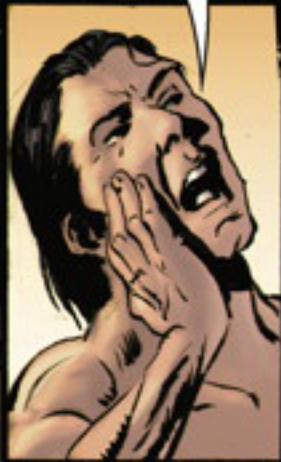
I HAVE
NOTHING TO
LOSE.



LIFE
IS CHANGE,
HERMAN.
LIFE IS
CHANGE.

THE ONCE & FUTURE TARZAN

DAN-DO! TAND
BUNDOLO!!!*



BY
GORDON,
YEATES,
HAMPTON,
ORZ &
OLIFF

"THE BAY-TREES IN OUR
COUNTRY ALL ARE WITHER'D
AND METEORS FRIGHT THE
FIXED STARS OF HEAVEN;
THE PALE-FAC'D MOON LOOKS
BLOODY ON THE EARTH
AND LEAN-LOOK'D PROPHETS
WHISPER FEARFUL CHANGE."

*EDITOR'S NOTE: IN
MANGANI, THE LANGUAGE
OF THE GREAT APES:
"STOP! NO KILL!!!"

THE SO-CALLED
PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR IS
SUCH A TWISTED CLUTTER.

